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FOR THE MINISTRY
Berkeley, California

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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THEY WHO TREAD THE PATH OF LABOR

They who tread the path of labor follow where My feet have trod;
They who work without complaining, do the holy will of God.
Nevermore thou needest seek Me; I am with thee everywhere;
Raise the stone, and thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood, and I am there.
Where the many toil together, there am I among My own;
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with him alone;
I, the Peace that passeth knowledge, dwell among the daily strife;
I, the Bread of heaven, am broken in the sacrament of life.
Every task, however simple, sets the soul that does it free;
Every deed of love and mercy, done to man is done to Me.
Nevermore thou needest seek Me; I am with thee everywhere;
Raise the stone, and thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood, and I am there.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

SERMON FROM THE SNOWS

TODAY I went to church! A singularly mundane excursion, even for one who makes no claim to piety. Yet for me it held the most startling spiritual experience of my life.

I have seen many churches: the great cathedrals of Chartres and Rheims, the Chapel of the Black Virgin at Montserrat, the famous Jain Temple of Calcutta. . . . This was different—a small bare pinewood chapel, sweet-smelling with the tang of resin, perched amidst the snow-encrusted pinnacles of the Alps.

Here, in these azure altitudes, cleansed by the still pure air, stricken by the blinding beauty of snow and sky, one is driven perforce to cast away the dross of life, one feels oneself upon the very threshold of high heaven.

The congregation was mainly peasant, the clear-eyed, sturdy, industrious people of this German-speaking canton of Switzerland. The men wore stiff dark suits, their necks bronzed above unusual collars. There was little finery among the women, at the most a lace headdress or a treasured embroidered shawl. A scarlet kerchief, sported by a little boy, made a splash of color that set the place alight. The service was one to which I am habituated and which, accordingly, evoked no new sensation. But perhaps there was more simplicity, a greater directness in these devotions. At any rate, there was for me a queer immanence, an odd electric expectancy vibrating in the air. And then it was time for the sermon.

As the congregation sat down with a rustle and the clergyman came up to the plain wooden pulpit, my companion cast at me a swift glance of commiseration and regret. I had come with a middle-aged Englishman, of undemonstrative habit, who had been a patient of mine in London and who was now taking the tuberculosis cure at a *heilanstalt* in the village. He spoke German fluently, whilst I knew not one word of that bewildering tongue. Under the deprecating twinkle in his eye I felt consigned, through my own illiteracy, to an hour of gibberish and boredom.

And yet, as the preacher took his stand and slowly faced his audience I felt again that queer compelling thrill. There was much in the quiet surpliced figure to rivet my attention. He was

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dark, short and thickset, still in his virile 30's, with a sallow skin, a noble head and a full magnetic eye. His manner was both vibrant and composed, charged with a fearless humility. His voice as he gave out his text was restrained yet deeply resonant, filling the tiny church and echoing from the roof. He stood very still having uttered his premise, and then, in that wholly foreign speech, he started upon his sermon.

Now I am no revivalist. I have listened to many a windbag-full of sermons in my day. Of late, especially, in England I have come to dread the timid bleatings of our non-political parsons, the milk-and-water flapdoodle of our play-safe Boreasters. But this man was different: different as tempered steel from sounding brass. And as his discourse took shape, despite my utter ignorance of its content, I fell unconsciously under some strange and mystic spell. I caught one word: Christus. And one other, which was Führer. And then, as by a breath, the scene dissolved, church and congregation vanished. I saw suddenly, and with a stabbing clarity, the countries of the earth and the pestilence that lay upon them. I saw the great dictator states, controlled by one hand, one voice, deifying the doctrine of blood and iron. I saw the great democracies, sleek with good living, jealous of their vast possessions, fearful lest some vandal's hand should rob them of their gains.

I saw in every land the billion tons of armaments piled high. I saw the ever multiplying shells and guns, the stores of poison gas and bombs, the skies darkened by death-compelling planes. I saw children taught from their cradles to bluster and to hate, to strut in military parade when they could scarcely walk, to nurse a rifle as though it were a cherished toy. I saw half the world's wealth buried as useless yellow metal in a concrete tomb. I saw wheat burned by the million bushel in one corner of the globe while in another thousands of human creatures went hungry for lack of bread. I saw everywhere the blind surges of mankind, the frightened rushes hither and thither searching for security, the restless plunges into momentary pleasure, the fevered striving for material gain. And over all, amidst the sound of jazz and the chink of coins, I saw the omnipresent ghastly dread, the approaching specter of self-created doom.

It was a vision which chilled the heart, which moved one to icy terror: this lovely fruitful earth, overflowing with plenty, riven from end to end by hate, aggression and brutal cruelty, which, if unchecked, must surely crumble civilization to the dust. And less than a quarter of a century ago nine million of the world's finest men yielded up their lives to save humanity!

Such agonizing recollection could not but evoke the instant bitter query: Why, in the name of reason and sweet mercy, had this iniquitous bedlam come to pass? The question was not new, yet it struck at me with fresh relentless force. And across my mind flashed the endless explanations advanced by human ingenuity. The talk of economic stress, of boom and slump, of unemployment and the rest. Of the rise and fall of nations, the need for colonies, the survival of the fittest, the whole bag of tricks. How fatuous, how futile they all seemed now!

For it was clear, acutely clear. There was only one reason. One basic explanation. *Man had forgotten God.* Millions now living were blind and deaf—dead indeed—to the knowledge of their Creator. For countless human souls that

Name was nothing but a myth. For others an inherited tradition to which lip service must be paid. For others a convenient oath. For others a bland hypocrisy.

Yes, that was the blind and naked truth. False gods as evil as the golden calf of old now stood upon the altars of the Christian people. Paganism bestrode the modern earth. To all but a few the very mention of the Christ evoked a smile of mockery and contempt.

Yet here, in this mad search for leadership was the one Leader who could save the world. Here, forgotten amidst the wild quest for ideologies, was the one creed that promised salvation. Not a hard creed to comprehend. Nor yet to follow. A creed of beauty and simplicity. To live decently in the sight of Heaven and one's fellow men. To love one's neighbor, to be uncovetous of his goods. To be tolerant, charitable, humble. To recollect always that Life, as we know it, is but a fragment of Eternity.

Oh, that an army of new Crusaders might arise to spread afresh in every land this long neglected counsel, to unfurl once again the faded banner of the forgotten King. Oh, that more ministers of religion might abandon their platitudes, cease to be prudent and become sincere, forsake their empty churches and sally forth like soldiers to justify themselves in valiant conflict beneath the darkening sky. Then indeed might the world come back to sanity, and poor, bemused and tortured humanity back to God.

Quite suddenly I felt a shock, and the swift flow of my thought was interrupted. With a wrench that was almost physical I came back to earth, and saw that the preacher had at that moment reached the end of his peroration.

We came out of the church into the unblemished brightness of the winter day. And as we made our way down to the village I related to my companion the full account of my striking meditation.

He heard me with ever-growing amazement. As I concluded he faced me in stark bewilderment. "But don't you realize!" he almost gasped. *"That, word for word, was the pastor's sermon."*

—*A. J. Cronin* in
The Reader's Digest.

"Did not God speak to some of you first through your mother's eyes? Or did not the first time come to others through a lover or a friend? When Samuel heard the voice of God he thought it was the voice of his best friend. He said to his old friend Eli, 'You called me.' But it was God who had called him, though it sounded like the voice of his friend. Do you know that touching little Irish story about a woman who was in great distress of mind because she had lost the sense of God? She said, 'Why doesn't He make me feel that He is there? How can He leave me alone? If I could only feel Him, know that He had touched me!' And an old woman who was sitting with her said, 'Pray to Him. Ask Him to touch you. He will put His hand on you.' She began to pray in agony, and suddenly felt the hand of God touching her. She cried out, 'He has touched me!' and went into an ecstasy of joy. Then she said, 'Do you know, it felt just like your hand?' And the old woman said, 'Why, it was my hand.' 'It was your hand?' 'Sure, what did you think God would be doing? Did you think He would make a long arm out of heaven to touch you? *He just took the hand that was nearest and used that.*' Is that not the beginning of the religious life of millions of people? God takes the human beings that are nearest, and through them for the first time we see love, and love is God. He takes the human hand of some friend or stranger and uses that, and for the first time we feel the touch of God. We say, 'It is only a friend!' What do we mean by God if it is not love? How can God speak to us but by a human voice?"—*Contributed.*

Because God is unimaginably good, exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, *nothing is too good to be true.*

—*Fosdick.*

CORRESPONDENCE AND APPEALS

MISS ETHEL H. STUDLEY, *Chairman*
56 School Street, Hingham, Mass.

If you wish to become a member of this Department, please send the Chairman the following information:

Your name, age and address (give your name in full, also your husband's first name); names and ages of your children; or, if you are not married, names and ages of your brothers and sisters; name and address of your minister.

State clearly whether you wish (1) to correspond with someone; (2) to study by mail; (3) to appeal for some article on our approved list, which does not include money or clothing.

Be sure to give all the information requested.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice must be sent to the Chairman of this Department.

CORRESPONDENCE

The following would like to have a correspondent:

ARKANSAS. 121. A nineteen year old mother who has a little boy two years old.

NORTH CAROLINA. 122. A fifty-six year old woman whose aged parents and her elderly husband and two young nieces are the only ones in her family.

123. A farmer's wife, aged twenty-one, who has two boys, four and three years old, and a baby girl.

124. A forty year old woman who would like to write to someone of her own age. She has one grandchild, and seven children, the youngest of whom is four years old.

125. A young wife seventeen years old.

126. A widow, thirty years old, who has a boy five years old and a girl two years old.

127. A young wife, sixteen years old, who expects her first baby very soon.

TENNESSEE. 128. A seventeen year old mother who has a boy two years old and a baby three months old.

129. A sixty-three year old woman who has three daughters.

130. A nineteen year old mother who has a little child two years old. She says she lives a long way from anyone.

131. A woman nineteen years old who says she does not go to school and is not married, and so would like to write letters in some of her spare time.

132. A woman thirty-four years old who is alone most of the time, and who expects her first baby in June.

133. A twenty-six year old mother of two girls, seven and five years old. She is trying to teach them the straight and right way to live.

134. A twenty-seven year old mother who has four children from nine to two years old, and who expects another baby in June.

VIRGINIA. 135. A woman forty-seven years old, whose five children are from twenty-eight to thirteen years old.

APPEALS

There is always a list of women who would like quilt pieces. Many ask for salt and sugar bags with which to line their quilts. Will the Alliance members please not forget that requests will still be coming in during the summer.

Cheered by the presence of God, I will do at the moment, without anxiety, according to the strength which he shall give me, the work that his providence assigns me. I will leave the rest. It is not my affair.

—*Fenelon.*

"FOR ALL WHO WISH TO LEARN"

THE boy was all hands and feet and a sullen scowl as his discouraged father shoved him through the crowded school corridor to the desk of Paul Ellert, the principal. That's Ellert's "office," the open hallway, near the front door.

"I can't do nothing with him," said the father, anger tightening his voice. "He runs away; he bums . . ."

Ellert interrupted. "Leave him here. I can't talk to him with you around, in the mood you're in."

The man hesitated, shrugged his shoulders, walked away.

"Now, what's the matter?" Ellert demanded.

"He says I've got to come to school here. I don't want to."

"In that case, don't worry; you won't have to come. As a matter of fact, I won't let you."

The boy looked a little affronted.

"Why can't I? Ain't I good enough?"

"You can't come because you don't want to," Ellert explained. "Nobody can. That's a rule here. So you've got nothing to worry about. But, look—you'd better stay long enough so your father will think we've had a good talk. I've got to make a trip around the school; part of my job. Come along."

So stubborn young Gus Placek trailed through the print shop, through a room where a dozen telegraph instruments clacked in amateurish rhythms, through the fragrant bake shop, through rooms where scores of typewriters raised an unholy din. He listened a few minutes to a girl making a speech before an audience of 60 people of all ages. He glanced at a sewing room, a beauty shop. He watched linotypers, bricklayers, carpenters. He stood for a long time before a lathe in the machine shop. Ellert waited; said nothing.

"Well, that's all," said Ellert, back at his desk. "See anything you liked?"

Gus came out of his shell.

"Say, Mister . . . them machines! Gee, they're swell! I'd like to run one of them. Could . . . how does a fellow get to do that?"

"Sure you'd like to?"

"Honest I would" . . . but then a shadow crossed his face. "What else would I have to do? What would I have to take?"

"Nothing," said Ellert. "Nothing, at all."

"But in school, you always have to take somethin' you don't like. Arithmetic, or writing, or history, or things like that."

"Not here," said Ellert.

And so Gus started to learn to be a machinist in the Denver Opportunity School. It wasn't long before he had to write out a slip requesting certain materials, and explaining why he needed them.

"Can't read it," said the instructor. "Doesn't seem to make sense."

That happened a number of times. Gus was stymied; he couldn't get any further, it appeared, until he could do the "paper work" that is essential in any shop. So he entered a class in English. He was stymied again when he couldn't figure out three fourths of seven eighths of an inch, to mark where a hole had to be drilled. So Gus took up arithmetic. Did well at it, too; for the first time, he saw some sense in it.

There's an end to this story. Gus is now a machinist, and a good one.

Ten thousand men and women, boys and girls, study in Denver's Opportunity School each year. The youngest on record so far was 13; the oldest, a Frenchman, a retired barber, got his high school diploma at 82.

It is one of the most amazing schools in the world. It has no rules, no grades, no admission requirements, no diplomas, no graduations except in the regularly accredited high school which is just one small department. It comes nearest of any school in existence to the ideal of giving "any kind of service for any individual when he comes and asks for it." So said a group of distinguished educators who investigated it carefully.

There's an inscription on the front of the shabby old building. It isn't a fancy Latin motto. It reads simply, "For All

Who Wish to Learn."

It means just what it says. There's a class for girls who are about to be married; I wasn't allowed to visit that. But I did look in on the class in gold mining. There's a class in beginners' English. We glanced through the door at a group of graybeards and grandmothers, and dark Mexican girls, and one bright, eager young man, a refugee from Vienna. In an algebra class, a little old lady explained that she had had to be practical all her life, and now she wanted to learn something useless.

Experience has taught the Opportunity School to be wary of volunteering vocational guidance. Its advice almost always is, "Do what you really want to do." That is why nobody tried to dissuade the fat old Negro washwoman who wanted to study in the millinery class. It was just as well, for now she is making an excellent living at it. She has a flair for designing bonnets that enrapture middle-aged women of her race. Then there was the deaf-mute girl who wanted to learn beauty-shop technique. How would she ever get a job, the teachers wondered. But she did. "Got any more like her?" the proprietor demanded the other day. "I wish none of 'em could talk!"

About 1500 students a year get jobs through the school. What about the other 8500? Why, they already had jobs, most of them. Now they have better jobs. A young scholar working for his Ph.D. followed up 178 employed men and women to discover what they got out of the school. Ten showed no change in wages. Almost half of the rest had more than doubled their income because they had learned new skills. The others got raises of 10 to 100 per cent.

This is all free, you understand; Opportunity School is part of the Denver public school system. And Denver is immensely proud of it.

It is hard to say which of the school's many functions is the most valuable, but I incline to the belief that the most important is its training of employed people for the next step ahead—or sometimes, merely to keep their jobs. A class of railroad men, for example, is studying a new airbrake that is just being introduced. Garage men are learning new techniques of welding. Scores of shopgirls are studying for advancement; often at the suggestion of their employers. There are two rooms full of employed secretaries who come for drill in speed dictation.

Nearly everybody in the class in public speaking has a job. The only trouble is that this class is too popular and overcrowded. Here it is not unusual for the clerk to meet his boss. The clerk wants to conquer his timidity, acquire poise and confidence that will make him a better salesman. The boss is there because he wants to learn how to make a good pep talk to his own staff. Besides that, he has a few pet ideas he would like to put across in the Merchants' Association, if he could only learn to make his points when he's on his feet.

Surprising things come out of that class. There was the newly-widowed mother of three children who faced the problem of earning a living. She thought that maybe, if she could conquer her shyness, she could get a job in a store. When it was her turn to speak, she talked about the only thing she understood—how to cook a good dinner. It sounds fantastic, but a sales manager heard her that night, and now the widow lectures and demonstrates before large crowds for his company—which makes gas stoves.

Second in importance is the help the school gives to thousands who did not fit into a standard school: Middle-aged folk from the mountains, where educational opportunities were few in their youth; boys like Gus; maladjusted youngsters who are stubborn and unruly at desks, but given something to do with their hands, develop swiftly and eagerly. Others who, through a not uncommon psychological quirk, just cannot endure the ordinary school's regimentation, but thrive in the "no rules" atmosphere of

Opportunity School—with no attendance records, no examinations, no grades, no required subjects, no specified length of courses. They study the one thing they want to learn, and if they are led on, like Gus, to study books as well, it is done so subtly that they never know it was deliberate.

Sooner or later, Paul Ellert talks with every student—10,000 a year. Most of them come to him and tell their stories. The rest, he seeks out. One reason he has no office is that there's no room for one. Every inch of space is in use, day and night. Numerous classes meet in the halls, behind folding screens. But secondly, Ellert likes to be accessible. It's the spirit of the place—the same spirit which leads Denver business men to teach classes for $4.25 a night. And it traces back to Emily Griffiths, an eighth grade teacher in Denver.

She was a kind of social missionary. When children were absent from her classes, she looked them up in their homes. Nine times out of ten, she asserts, the trouble at home was unemployment, and usually that was traceable to one of three things: the advance of the machine, lack of training, or broken English. She had a vision of a school that would train people to new skills. And finally, she was allowed to start it in the old schoolhouse in downtown Denver. It was a tremendous success; and the spirit she created has carried on since her retirement.

The Opportunity School teaches more than skill with hands. It is a character school. It builds self-respect and self-confidence. It teaches attitudes — regard for the rights of fellow workers; courtesy; neatness; the necessity of co-operation.

Employers know that. A card from the Opportunity School is as good a recommendation as a job-seeker can get—and yet, all it says is, "Gus Placek has been attending our classes in the machine shop for —— months." That's all it says—but you can't have one until the instructor thinks you are ready to get and hold a job.

The school has a creed: "Unlimited faith in the capacity of every normal human being, if given a fighting chance, to become a self-sustaining, self-respecting, happy member of society."

That's a little elaborate for some of the students in Opportunity School. But they understand the cards that are stuck all over the place. The cards say:

"YOU CAN DO IT"

—Condensed from *The American Legion Magazine.*

TEACHING ENGLAND'S "WATER GYPSIES"

RECENTLY I visited one of the strangest and most interesting schools in the world. I approached it across a cabbage field, and entered it by a companion-way. It was the barge school at West Drayton in Middlesex, and said to be the only school of its kind in existence. There were about 20 pupils at school the day I called. They ranged from 6 to 21 years of age, and each one appeared to be grappling with a different subject.

The school was opened six years ago in an endeavor to give some sort of education to the children living on the barges that ply the network of waterways covering the length and breadth of England. Their parents were almost completely illiterate, and could neither afford, nor see the reason for sending their children to boarding schools. For children are an asset to the Water Gypsies. From early childhood they are expected to take their share in the hard work of the barge colony. Their parents argued that a knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic could be of little use to them in their mode of living.

Gradually, however, their prejudices have been undermined, until now the mistress of the school counts many stanch friends and supporters among the barges, and she is even teaching some of these parents, through their children, to write their own names and do elementary arithmetic.

Three little boys were standing in a corner facing the wall when I entered the classroom. They had been out black-

berrying when they should have been at school, and were being made to reflect upon their "crime."

"You children may go and play while I talk to the lady," the teacher announced, generously settling down to devote an hour of her precious time to telling me something of her work, and the nature, habits and life of the people who live on canals. They are untrained in social consciousness, fond of their pets and likely to be very restless, she said. It is quite impossible to impose the same rules of conduct on them as on city and village children. One lad, for instance, could not do his lessons sitting at a desk, but wandered, book in one hand and rod in the other, to fish from one porthole to another. Some prefer to work on deck, others in the cabin classroom.

Apart from reading, writing and arithmetic, both boys and girls are taught to knit and sew. It would not be possible to plan their lessons by the usual Government syllabus, for they are able to attend school only when their parents' barges are in the vicinity of West Drayton, delivering or picking up cargo.

"Often," the teacher explained, "I will have a child here for a few hours one morning, and see nothing more of him for three or four months. Sometimes years elapse between their visits."

There are schools at Birmingham and Paddington (London) which these children may attend, but they take the form of a special class at the Government school at each of these termini of the canal main route. The method is for each child to be supplied with a card showing school attendance, which the teacher marks, stating the lessons actually given. The children are also set homework to do, but, though every possible effort is made to teach each child as much as possible, and they are encouraged to attend school until they are grown up, the standard achieved is very low indeed. Periodically, Government inspectors visit the school and give the children oral examinations.

The hop-picking season was commencing, and a number of the children would be sent down to Kent to join the pickers. One most attractive little girl of 12 chatted to me while the teacher called the children in to resume their lessons. Her parents, she said, were putting her off the barge on their next trip up the canal, and she would travel alone down to the hop fields and work there until the end of the season.

Frequently the teacher is called upon to write letters for the parents and elder brothers and sisters of her pupils, and she derives considerable amusement and interest from her task. A few days before my visit a young bargee had asked her to write a proposal of marriage to a girl whose barge traveled that way the following day. As neither of the young people could either read or write, the teacher was obliged to read the letter to the girl on her arrival the following day, and write a letter to the young man accepting his proposal, which in turn she would have to read to him when the next business brought his barge into her stretch of water.

Suddenly, while we were talking, a barge passing along the main canal blew three strident blasts on its whistle. Without a word a little girl snatched up her books and darted from the classroom. I watched the child in surprise as she sprinted along the tow path towards the main canal.

"That will be her parents' barge moving off," the teacher said casually. "They'll hoist her on board as they go along. It's the first time I've seen the child, and, who knows, it may be months, or even years, before she comes this way again!"

Every day brings a different group of children to the barge school. Every day has its new set of problems to be tackled, and adjustments to be made. Every day the little barges puff or glide along the beautiful Grand Union Canal, dropping and picking up the children near the still tributary where the school is moored. Teaching under such conditions is not without its problems, but it also has rich compensations.

—*F. K. G.* in
Christian Science Monitor.

SOMEBODY CARES!

By Anne Campbell

Somebody knows when your day goes wrong.
There's a cheerless note in the bluebird's song.
There's a cloud obscuring the heart's warm glow,
And the hours are leaden and dull and slow.
If trouble is dimming your day's bright rose,
Somebody knows!

Somebody cares when your heart is sad,
And somebody prays that your life be glad,
For happiness fails, and the shadows fall
When the north winds beat on your life's high wall.
Somebody waits where the home road fares,
And somebody cares!

"A LINCOLN ANECDOTE"

By Senator "Billy" Mason

"PRESIDENT LINCOLN was walking with a friend about Washington and turned back for some distance to assist a beetle that had gotten on his back and lay on the walk, legs sprawling in air, vainly trying to turn itself over. The friend expressed surprise that the President, burdened with the cares of a warring nation, should find time to spare in assisting a bug.

"'Well,' said Lincoln, 'do you know if I had left that bug struggling there on his back, I wouldn't have felt just right. I wanted to put him on his feet, and give him an equal chance with all the other bugs.'

"I want to pass it along, this homely heartfelt suggestion of Honest Abe, because it applies not only to bugs, but men and women, boys and girls, upon their feet and giving them an equal chance with others of their class."

—*Clipped.*

Cherish hope—it is the sunlight of the soul.

OFF THE SWEDISH COAST

EUROPE too has its Easter Island, with groups of prehistoric stones which are as puzzling to explain as those in the Pacific. Just off the coast of Sweden, on the Island of Oland, these great rocks are arranged in the forms of ships, with prows, masts, sterns and even benches for rowers.

The finest of these prehistoric monuments stands near the village of Hogsrum, and because of its size the inhabitants have dubbed it "Noah's Ark." Two stone forts, remarkable because they were built without mortar and have lasted thousands of years, stand near it. From finds in the mounds which dot the islands, archeologists now believe that the stones were put in place during the Flint Age.

The Island of Oland is today a second "windmill land." Windmills dot the cliffs along its coast and in the interior, which is level and rather bare, they actually outnumber the trees. A favorite resort of the Swedish people, the island is much visited by botanists, for its mild climate and rich soil support a great variety of vegetation, including many plants not found on the mainland. It is also famous for its large numbers of birds.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

MY SYMPHONY

TO live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk frankly; to listen to the stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasion, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common: this is to be my symphony.

—*William Henry Channing.*

There is no lamp by which to read the future but the lamp of experience.—*Patrick Henry.*

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE MYSTERIOUS ARROWS

By Mary David Ammerman

"HELLO! Just look there!" cried Ned Carter pointing toward the steps of the schoolhouse.

"Whoopee! Another challenge!" replied Andy Beeler as they rushed to pick up the object, a small bundle of feather-tipped arrows tied with a snakeskin string.

"This is the third one this week," said Ned, examining the arrows.

"Yes—you found the first one on your gate the first of the week, I found one on my gate yesterday morning, and now these. Who do you think could be leaving them?" inquired Andy.

"Can't guess. None of the boys around here have any arrows, much less arrows like these," declared Ned thoughtfully.

Ned and Andy had been the first to arrive at the schoolhouse, and when other boys of their class arrived they were equally puzzled as to whom it might be who was thus challenging them in Indian fashion, and suggested many plans by which they thought the challengers might be discovered.

At noon Sam Nelson arrived, having been absent from the morning session.

When told about the arrows he gave a whistle and declared, "I have it. It must be some of the boys of the Oak Hall School."

"Yes," agreed Ned, "that's it. They're trying to puzzle us to get even with us for winning that running race from them that time."

"Sure! That's it!" cried Sam. "And I believe I saw the boys. I was down the creek this morning, hunting up the cow, and I saw a boat with two boys in it paddling fast up stream in the direction of Oak Hall. They were too far away for me to recognize them, but they must have brought those arrows."

The other boys agreed with Sam and all promised that they would try to help ferret out the mystery of the arrows.

Ned, Andy and Sam lived near each other and were fast pals. The school was to have a day's holiday and they plotted to spend the time trying to trail the bearers of the puzzling challenge.

As they dashed out into the road after school on the afternoon of the day before the holiday, Sam caught Ned and Andy, each by an arm, and asked, "What's to hinder us from going down to the cave right away?"

"Nothing!" shouted the boys as they ran toward Sam's home on the edge of the town, to leave books and coats.

"We won't have time to do any detective work this afternoon, but we'll lay all our plans so that we'll be able to go right to work in the morning," said Ned.

"There are some open lots and a plowed field between the creek and the schoolhouse, so I don't think we'll have any trouble finding their tracks," said Andy as they sped off across the back porch and made for the gate of the barnyard and the woods beyond.

"O Sam! Andy! Ned! Wait a minute, can't you?" shrilled out a girl's voice as Sam's sister Sally and her chum Mary Gorden darted around the house and came running after the boys. "Let us go with you. Please!"

"Not much!" replied Sam, pulling at the gate latch. "Who wants to have girls tagging along!"

"But," pleaded Sally, "we don't want to tag after you, we just want to go down to where the camp was last year and make a fire and cook the supper as we did last year."

"We'll have weenies and cakes," added Mary enticingly.

"And we'll make some lemonade," put in Sally as she saw hesitancy in Sam's and Ned's faces.

Sure enough, this proffer of help and eats appealed to the boys. "All right," conceded Sam, who always assumed the leadership. "You all can come on down and get supper, but—mind—don't you *dare* come near the cave."

The boys found their secret "robber-cave" as they had left it at the begin-

ning of school, and Sam, after much searching and measuring with steps, located the special flat rock under which they had left the key to their treasure chest. The lock was a little rusty, but they were soon culling over the contents of the iron-bound box and each calling the attention of the others to the valuable contribution he had made.

Then, after a long game of fox and geese, they lolled about the entrance to the cave and formed plans for the morrow. These included a thorough search for tracks, from the creek to the schoolhouse, in the forenoon. If tracks were found, to confirm their suspicions, in the afternoon they would row up the creek, locate the canoe Sam had seen and follow the tracks from it. It had rained hard recently, and they hoped in this way to trail the two boys Sam had seen. Beyond that they did not try to make a plan, as they felt that they must include others of the boys to help them.

Their plans completed, they were tired out and more than glad to answer the girls' call to come to supper. Weenies, cake and lemonade disappeared with lightning rapidity and by that time night was near. So, after a grudging assent for the girls to return the next afternoon, they hurried home with unappeased appetites and hopeful visions of the triumphs of the next day's undertaking.

Sure enough, when they arrived early the next morning at the creek they soon located the landing place of the canoe and eagerly followed the distinct tracks leading from it toward the village. But their disappointment was great when, after following them through the muddy field and across lots, they found that they led off from the direction of the schoolhouse in the direction of a barn in the rear of a grocery store. At the back door of the store they received the depressing news that the grocery man was buying fish from some boys who lived up the stream, and that they delivered them early in the morning several times a week.

So, tired out and crestfallen, they trudged home to dinner, each pledged to bring to the cave, after lunch, a fresh suggestion for a plan to search out the mystery of the arrows some of the Oak Hall boys had been leaving.

(To be concluded)

RIDDLES

1—Why is a dog dressed warmer in the summer than in winter?
2—What is the difference between a gossipy woman and a looking glass?
3—What is the difference between homicide and pig killing?
4—What is the difference between a conductor and a cold in the head?
5—When will there be only 25 letters in the alphabet?
6—Of course you know the best way to make a coat last.
7—What two numbers can you multiply together that will produce seven as a product?

WHAT DID SHE SAY?

By Hilda Richmond

GRANDMOTHER FORBES had her neat little package all ready to go to her friend, Mrs. Kent, who was having a birthday that day and somebody would have to deliver it, as Grandmother could not go herself, being lame, but she was not very well pleased when Patty tucked the parcel under her arm and started down the street.

"O dear!" sighed Grandmother to herself. "I wanted Martha to take it. Martha always tells me what folks say."

Presently Patty came back and Grandmother asked her what Mrs. Kent had said. "About what, Grandmother?" said Patty absently. "Oh, yes, about your gift. Why, she said thank you and it was nice to remember her on her birthday. Why, yes, I think she did say something more but I was in a hurry. I think she said to give you her love. Has Amy been in since I left, Grandmother? She was to meet me here at ten o'clock and it is past that now!"

Grandmother, with a little shadow on her face, took up her book once more, but

just then Martha came in with a plate covered with waxed paper and two roses in her hands. "See what Mrs. Kent sent you, Grandmother!" she said, triumphantlly. "She tapped on the window as I was passing and wanted me to wait for these things. And I wish you could have heard all the nice things she said about that lovely shawl you sent her. She said it was exactly what she had been wishing for, and that it was the very best knitting you had ever done. She had it on, though it was rather warm, and Joe had taken a snapshot of it so you could see how it looked. Joe is developing the picture now, and you'll have it before the day is over. My, but she was pleased!"

Grandmother did not knit or read again that morning, but sat humming a little tune with a smile on her lips as she thought of her long friendship with Mrs. Kent. "I'm so glad Martha happened to be passing," she said. "It makes me very happy to have her tell me little things. Patty is a dear, but somehow she doesn't save up the little things as Martha does, and it is the little things that count with old folks."

—*Selected.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES

1—In winter he wears a fur coat—in the summer he wears a fur coat and pants.
2—One talks without reflecting, the other reflects without talking.
3—One is assault with intent to kill and the other is a kill with intent to salt.
4—The conductor knows the stops and the cold stops the nose.
5—When you and I are one.
6—Make the pants and vest first.
7—Seven and one.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

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To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine.* Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

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